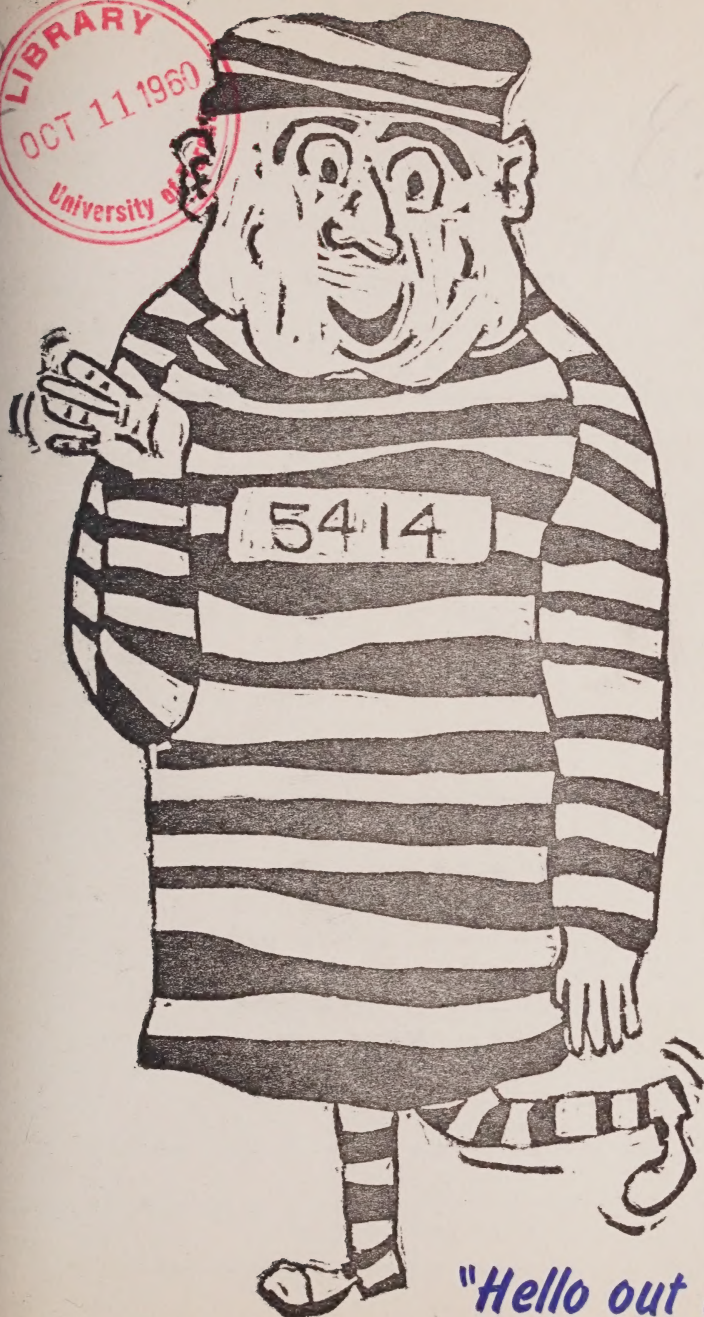


September, 1960 #6 17



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"Hello out there!"

THE DIAMOND

Founded 1951

Written, edited and managed by the men of COLLIN'S BAY PENITENTIARY with the permission of MAJOR-GENERAL RALPH B. GIBSON CB, CBE, VD, QC, LLD, Commissioner of Penitentiaries and with the sanction of COLONEL VICTOR S.J. RICHMOND, Penitentiary Warden.

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The Collin's Bay DIAMOND

is published to bridge the gap between the prisoner and the public and to provide a medium for creative expression. It is the aim of the DIAMOND to reflect the views of the inmates on pertinent topics.

Permission for republication of articles appearing in the C.B. Diamond is granted, with the proviso that the Diamond be credited.

TO OUR READERS:

In the past the Diamond has been critical of many facets of penitentiary life and we have been taken to task for this attitude. Not, as you might expect, by the administration but by another inmate of Collin's Bay.

This inmate likes it here! That's right. Likes it! He has insisted that we give him space in our magazine to air his views and, since the stated aim of the Diamond is to reflect the views of the inmates, we have given him space. His article appears on page three of this issue.

SCOTT YOUNG, Toronto Globe & Mail sports writer and columnists, writes for The Diamond on page 5. We graciously accepted this piece from Mr. Young, after badgering him for several months.

And on the more serious side, Lex Schrag has contributed a TORONTO REPORT on the employment situation for ex-convicts and as PRISONER POTENTIAL is still one of the Diamond's projects, we have worked the two in together. Along that line, we were fortunate in being able to obtain publicity for both the Vocational Training and Prisoner Potential in the Toronto Globe & Mail. Lex Schrag visited us for a day and wrote two articles on these subjects, for which we are thankful to both him and the Globe & Mail. The Kingston Whig-Standard also made inquiries by sending *two* reporters, Gordon Soutter and Patrick Lavelle, so we will probably get a little publicity there, too. All of which is good public relations for both the Diamond and the inmates. And the administration, we understand, is not displeased either.

Now that we're through patting ourselves on the back, we will give you a chance. We would really like to hear your comments or suggestion. It's your dollar that keeps us going—or you're to blame, if you like—so we want the magazine to appeal to you.

Letters should be addressed to:

THE DIAMOND

Box 190,

Kingston, Ontario

Collin's Bay DIAMOND

September --- 1960

Contents

I've Got It Made!	3
SCOTT YOUNG Writes for the Diamond	5
Editorial	7
Barred Bards	9
Toronto Report	10
Prisoner Potential	12
As We See It!	14
Under the Sign of Taurus	15
Vocational Training	18
The TINY Battle	23
Jovial Jester	27
SPORTS at the Bay	28
Players of the Month	33
All-Star Action	34
Letters to the Editor	35

ABOUT OUR COVER

The first of a proposed series, it was impressed by the "sick humour" greeting cards that are so popular. After struggling with our cover problem for over a year we finally had to give up the idea of attaining anything sophisticated and turn to humour. At least we thought it was funny! Diamond artist Bill Hamilton teamed up with Ron Sears to produce the covers, which are already planned up to January of '61. We'd appreciate your comments on these covers.

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I've Got It Made!

by Peter R.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR OF THIS ARTICLE:

He is a member of a large group of terrorists and was recently captured and sentenced to an indeterminate term. Using stealth and surprise as their chief weapon, his gang struck mostly at night and terrorized women everywhere. Many members of this semi-organized mob have been executed or imprisoned, but this has proved no deterrent and their numbers are constantly increasing.

What a sucker I was! Imagine my trying to avoid capture and the subsequent imprisonment? I thought prison was going to be a terrible experience — all bad.

The truth is, I never had it so good.

My living quarters are much cleaner than anything I had before. The building I live in would be considered modern by most standards. True, it lacks privacy as anyone who passes by can look in and see what I am doing. But the guards here are all friendly toward me. They all talk to me in soft, considerate voices. The inmates, on the other hand, cause most of my trouble.

I am smaller than most of them and they either tease me or try to shove me around. They don't ever try to understand my problems. There is one inmate who is especially kind to me, though. He makes sure I have some of the amenities of prison life: extra food, cigar butts and the like. And speaking of food; that is one thing that is really good around here. When I was outside, running around like a wild man, so to speak, I always had trouble getting enough to eat. In here they cook it for you and serve it. All I have to do is eat it. I cannot, it is true, decide on what I would like for a particular meal, but I couldn't do that outside either. There is enough variety here

for anyone — in my opinion.

And I've got security. I know the other inmates don't agree with me, but security is a wonderful thing for me. I never knew my parents or other relatives. All my life I have been running. The knowledge that you are no longer hunted is comforting indeed.

I'm not too keen on this enforced celibacy, though. Everyone seems to ignore this problem, but you have no idea what effects it can have on the male of the species. The physical effects, I am told, are negligible, but what about a man's mental attitude? I have been promised that I can look forward to a change in this policy, but I'll believe it when I see it. However, everything else is so nice here that I can wait in comfort, anyway.

I wouldn't want the outside reader to think all the men in here agree with me! Most of them will probably be mad at me for writing this article, but it's the truth and truth cannot be denied.

I am not going to hide behind a cloak of anonymity, either. At my request the editor has agreed to print my picture and a short history of my crimes and capture.

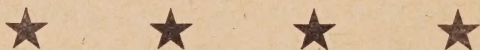
For those who want to know what kind of an "animal" would like prison, please turn the page.



ABOUT THE CAPTURE:

After many nights of patient tracking and stake-outs, the quarry was brought to bay by Bob Thompson. In a vicious twenty-minute battle that saw Bob's life in danger many times, "Pete" was captured and imprisoned. Afterward, Bob modestly declaimed any praise for his deed but he did mention that "... it was touch-and-go whether it was the mouse or me that got caught."

Peter the Mouse is now imprisoned in a small glass cage inside a larger, barred cell. The cell belongs to Bob Thompson, but he willingly shares it with his new found pet and friend. Bob feels that if he can rehabilitate his friend, if he can cure him of his former terrorist activities, he will at least have accomplished something worthwhile in life.



BID FOR HAPPINESS IS FATAL

A Detroit youth, due for parole from the State Reformatory at Ionia, Michigan, begged for a chance to rejoin society without the hideous scar which marred his face.

Warden George Kropp made arrangements to have the relatively minor surgery performed by the prison doctor, Robert Rood.

Dr. Rood gave a local anaesthetic so that 20 year old William Bussey, serving time for larceny, would be able to see what was happening.

When Dr. Rood raised his scalpel, Bussey went into convulsions, then shock. In less than an hour he was dead. A pathologist's report revealed the boy was a borderline epileptic. There was no record of illness, no symptoms.

But the shock of the attempt to change his face, and his hopes for the future, brought on Bussey's first and last attack. The reaction was so severe that it caused fatal brain damage.

The Presidio



SCOTT YOUNG

Writes for

The Diamond

heard them hammering on her father's door I had asked them in for tea, which we were drinking; rather somberly, I'm afraid.

"What happened?" I asked, finally.

The soldier glanced at her curiously, too.

She had been married in 1940, she said. Her husband was sent to Egypt a week or so after their wedding. His letters soon became infrequent and were chiefly to the effect that he had decided to take his fun where he found it and would not stand in the way of an Army divorce. She had started one a few months before.

"Yesterday," she said, making a motion with her head across the lane, "he turned up. He'd been posted back here and wanted to make it all up with me. I didn't. It had hurt at first but I'd got rid of it and didn't want to go through all that again. And I told him that."

She paused like an alerted doe and listened to a sound from across the lane. It died.

"He kept saying he was sorry and after a while he went to the pub with my Dad. They were always great friends and Dad was in the other war and they talked a lot. When they got

This girl sat at the kitchen table in my mews flat in London at two o'clock on a black morning in the early summer of 1943. A soldier in long underwear, army pants, and stockinged feet was there, too. She was not a pretty girl, with a sallow complexion because of the starchy food and the sunless months just past, but her hair was clean. She lived in a mews flat across the cobbled lane. Her father had thrown her out an hour earlier and would not let her back in, or answer the door. The soldier in his stockinged feet did not know her but had become involved in some way. When I had

home about eleven he said he'd just stop a while and go. I didn't feel angry with him, and he'd been wounded and sick — although he looks very healthy — so . . . so I wasn't nasty or anything." She paused and then went on bravely. "He sat on the arm of a chair I was in and put his hand sort of on my shoulder when we were talking and held my hand for a little while — and said he was sorry he had mixed up my life for me and had no desire to cause be any more trouble. Dad was there and we were all feeling sorry for each other, I guess, when suddenly my husband began to shake.

"It was his malaria, he said. His teeth chattered. His arms and legs shook. We tried to get some drink into him and he took it but it didn't seem to do any good. Mum was asleep by then but when it seemed we couldn't do anything for him, Dad thought we should get him into bed and the only bed in the place apart from the one Mum was in was mine.

"We helped him in there. He was shaking ever so much. He asked us, pleaded with us, to get him undressed and into bed and then get as many hot water bottles as we could. Dad went to get ours and to borrow some from neighbours and I got him undressed and into my bed" . . . she paused, and her eyes flashed angrily. . . "into MY bed, and when I'd got him there he suddenly stopped shaking and tried to pull me down to him! And he laughed! And I knew it had all been put on, that he'd done all this just to get back into my bed, thinking my undressing him and all that would make ME think and change my mind!"

The soldier and I exchanged a glance. It was a polite glance and this was

a terrible, absolutely frightful, way for a man to act, but it was also funny, and both of us saw it, although we did not laugh, of course.

"So what happened?" I asked.

"I slapped his face!" she said. "I slapped it good and hard just as my father came back to the room with the hot water bottles! In about two jumps he was across that room and pulled me away and gave me a slap! 'Slap a sick man, would you, you — —!' he yelled. And he was going to hit me again so I ran down the stairs and out into the lane and around the passage to Eaton Place, because I knew there would be someone on guard duty at the battery and I felt, well, that I needed protection." (The guns were on top of a building, the gunners billited within. I often had seen men sitting on guard there at night, with the door open. She must have seen the same.) "He didn't actually follow me," she said. "But now he won't let me back in."

The three of us sat and drank more tea. Then the soldier suggested that her Dad wasn't really to blame. It was a misunderstanding. He would go and see if her father would talk to him.

She went with him silently. I followed. The conversation was kept low so as not to disturb the other mews dwellers. After a while the door opened and she was admitted and I saw the outlines of the two men inside. One would be her husband.

I heard later that she called off the divorce. I only saw her once more and she was with, I imagine, her husband, for she did not stop to speak, but simply smiled radiantly and shrugged at me as they went by.

EDITORIAL

Whenever we advance an idea that we think will aid in the rehabilitation of men, we run the risk of having someone say, "You guys know all the answers. You're such wise guys that you're behind walls!"

And in part this someone is right. But being behind the walls gives us a special interest in the problems of penology and even if we don't know the answers, we like to throw our ideas around anyway. And the idea we are advancing this month concerns three of the most common problems facing inmates upon their release: lack of adequate funds, lack of good work habits and the feeling of insecurity a man has immediately after release.

Our proposal involves the expansion of pre-release plans and adds a few twists to the idea of pre-release. We want to build a sort of pre-lease camp for all men being released withing 30 days. In the Kingston area there are three penitentiaries holding over 1500 prisoners. Between 70 and 80 of these prisoners are released every month. Released with only the clothes on their backs and their meagre prison earnings in most cases.

Let's transfer these men to our "camp" and let them work in a factory, manufacturing something the government needs. To overcome any union objections about "cheap labour", let's pay these men wages on a par with those earned by free men in a similar industry. Because the men are earning wages, they should pay income tax. They will be living in better accomodations than in prison and they will have

a choice of food, so let them also pay for room and board. Say, \$10 per week. The products they make will be used by the government so the wages will not be an extra expenditure; the government would have to buy the product in any case. Wages could be based on an incentive system, but should not exceed \$50 a week.

In the month he worked in this pre-release factory a man would be gaining good work habits and he could also earn about \$110 clear. During the last two weeks he should be allowed to do a little shopping, attend a movie in the evening or a hockey game. Accompanied by an official guide, of course. This last is along the lines of the pre-release treatment that some inmates get now. The difference is that under our plan the man would have *money*. Let us assume that out of his \$110 he spends \$70 for clothes and other necessities. We can't see the merchants of Kingston complaining about that. And it still leaves him with \$40 plus his prison earnings when he steps on the train.

More important is that he will have enough clothes to see him through until he starts working. Prison suits have improved over the years, but in most cases they still leave much to be desired. And anyway, the ex-inmate knows it is a prison suit. He thinks others may know it, too. For these reasons, then, prison-made clothes are only working clothes to the inmate. Another aspect of buying his own clothes while accompanied by a guide is that he is less likely to overspend or spend money foolishly. His guide could make sure of that.

Having been out and around the town, the man is mentally ready for

his release day. It is no longer vague, but an almost tangible thing. He won't be stepping out the gate into a world that bewilders him—of which he is a little bit afraid. The defense mechanisms won't make him put on that veneer of toughness. He will be able to talk to the "square john" and will be ready to go to work.

Counselling by such agencies as the John Howard Society and the National Employment Service could be done while the men were awaiting release. Employment and a place to live could be found for them. The need for financial assistance would be lessened—if not done away with—and these agencies would be freed of that burden. They wouldn't have to provide a man with room rent, money for shirts, socks,

razor, shaving gear, ad infinitum. If a man needed a driver's license he could obtain that while still in Kingston. He won't be able to wait a month to take his test in Toronto.

This plan would not be for only a few men. It would be for all inmates but it would not be compulsory. We can't imagine anyone turning it down and we also feel that it cannot but have a good effect upon even the most hardened men. Of course, we don't expect to see the Minister of Justice order construction immediately. There are many problems, some of which we cannot even guess at. But we are rather partial to the idea.

There may be a lot of chaff in with the wheat, but isn't there some value in the idea?

We thought the foregoing was new, but the following filler proves it is at best a different slant on someone else's idea:

In the courtyard of Pentonville prison, a century-old fortress in the heart of London, live nine men inside a small building that is a far cry from the dreariness of their prison cells, for here they have all the comforts and conveniences of the free world.

All are long sentence men nearing the end of their terms and each morning they don civilian clothes and walk out unguarded into the teeming city of London.

These men are part of an experiment at Pentonville and some other prisons in Britain that is known as the hostel plan in which the men work at regular jobs during the day and return to the prison during the night.

The idea of the scheme is to ease the inmate back into society slowly so as to soften the impact of being released from years in prison, instead of simply throwing the man out on the street with just a few dollars in his pocket and a prison suit on his back.

Jobs are found for them by prison authorities along with the co-operation of the Labour Ministry officials, who acquaint an employer with the man's background, but ask that it be kept secret from the other workers.

By the time the man is ready to be released from prison under this system he has enough money to get started in civilian life and has had a start in adjusting to civilian life.

The Presidio

A PROMISE

*As I gaze into the future,
Lying on my narrow bed,
I pray to God that somehow
There'll be better times ahead.*

*But the past is not forgotten;
That is, oh, so hard to do:
Of the pleasant times together,
Then the sorrows we both knew.*

*I am asking God's forgiveness
For the terrible thing I've done.
It's so very hard to live with,
Please forgive us one by one.*

*As the years pass slowly onward,
Will you answer to my plea?
I cannot make it all up,
But I'll do my very best for thee.*

Anonymous

TORONTO

By Lex Schrag

Foreign Correspondent

REPORT

The burning question: When a prisoner is discharged from the penitentiary, can he get a job?

The half-baked answer: If he is reasonably patient and not too fussy about what sort of job he is offered when he is trying to make a new start, probably.

A lot of problems would be solved if it could be reported that employers are standing around, waiting to welcome tradesmen from Collin's Bay. Unfortunately, it wouldn't be true. There are lots of other skilled workmen looking for jobs, these days. Times are a bit on the dull side.

Ron Chabot, the National Employment Service specialist in placing discharged prisoners, was interviewed for The Diamond.

First, he was asked what degree of success he had had in placing men from the penitentiaries. He felt he had done rather well by getting jobs for four percent of the applicants.

That seemed like a very low percentage. What had Mr. Chabot to say about it?

Plenty!

Most of the men who came to him from prisons were too impatient. His operations couldn't get underway until he had full information on the appli-

cants. To speed up the process, he usually got case histories from the John Howard Society.

The applicants didn't want to take just any job that was going.

They wanted good jobs, and they wanted them right away, no matter what the state of the labor market.

"That's understandable, isn't it, Mr. Chabot, when you consider they may only have \$20 to last them until they draw their first pay?"

It's understandable, Mr. Chabot agrees, but it doesn't help him find jobs for them. He believes prison inmates are well advised to get all the trades training and certificates they can. But he can't pull a plumbing job, say, out of the file the moment a man walks in.

A lot of the ex-prisoner applicants in his estimation, would be better off to take less attractive jobs, if they can't wait for good ones, and settle down. Then, with wages coming in, they would be in a better position to look for the job they really wanted.

Are employers willing to hire ex-convicts?

Yes, says Mr. Chabot, quite a few of them. Most of the prospective employers, though, want the applicants to keep their mouths shut about their prison records. The ex-prisoner should tell his boss the whole story—and tell it to nobody else.

And the John Howard Society will likely make funds available to the

discharged prisoner who is honestly trying to find a job.

"Yes," put in one of the prisoners, "but you have to go back to the Society every day to get the money."

Well, why not? Granted, it's inconvenient. But the Society hasn't got its own, private mint. Would all of the gentlemen who apply for assistance use a weekly hand-out of, say, \$50 to look for work? Or would an appreciable percentage of them go on benders?

What the men need, one penitentiary spokesman says, is a sort of half-way house, such as they have for alcoholics in Alberta. There, the alcoholic does three months on a prison farm. When he comes back to the city, he is given free accommodation for an indefinite period while he hunts a job. He has to be in by eight at night, though.

In Toronto, the Salvation Army operates its hostel the year around. Rooms rent for \$6 a week; meals are 40 cents apiece. Special arrangements are made for men trying to get back on their feet after a prison term. The municipal hostel, Seaton House, is only open during the winter months—

the Sally Ann is always there when it's needed.

Talking the thing over, Deputy Warden Fred Smith wondered if there wasn't something in the old workhouse plan. A transient could get overnight accommodation, work off his obligation in the morning and go looking for work, or move on, in the afternoon. The Sally Ann has an industrial set-up of that sort, but it's not intended primarily for transients. It's more for marginal workers.

There's nothing cheerful in the foregoing report. But there is plenty of evidence that a man can climb off the merry-go-rounds if he wants to. The Parole Board isn't laying so much emphasis on a prisoner having a job before he gets his parole. It must be satisfied that the applicant for parole is anxious to stay out of trouble.

And when the prisoner walks away from those gray, stone walls, he's going to need patience as well as skill. There are quite a few people willing to help him stay out of the pen. The thing is, they need a bit of time to round up the help they can give.



A Real Filler

At the end of most articles or stories in newspapers, magazines or The Diamond, there is usually a small space left to be filled. This is done by printing a small anecdote or some obscure — and utterly useless — fact, which is, appropriately, called a *filler*.

This was one of those spaces. And now it's filled!

PRISONER

POTENTIAL

In our July issue we gave a brief outline of our plan for PRISONER POTENTIAL and, as mentioned in TO OUR READERS, we succeeded in getting some publicity for the plan.

Using Diamond funds to cover the costs, we are now picking inmates due for release who have a sincere desire to work when they are released and who also have tried to better themselves while in the institution. When we find a man who qualifies, we interview him and then make up a small, typewritten brochure covering his personal and business history. All his educational qualifications are included, along with a detailed work record including his training while in Collin's Bay. We admit that the man is here and usually we state the general category of his crime. For instance, if the man were in for armed robbery, we would state the offense as robbery.

We cannot hide the fact that the man has committed a crime, but *armed robbery* conjures in the public mind a picture of a very tough and dangerous offender when, in fact, the use of a toy pistol is armed robbery also.

We cannot help the man due for release on parole. We would like to, but as we have no way of telling when he will make parole, or even whether he will make it, this is impossible. Neither can we help the man who has no-

thing in the way of a skill to offer an employer. The brochure idea would be ineffective for the unskilled man. It would, in fact, tend to make him look even worse.

Once we have the pertinent information we proceed to make up the man's brochure, checking with the Classification Office to verify the facts given to us by the man. Eighteen days before the man is due for release we start watching the daily newspapers in the city he is going to for **HELP WANTED** advertisements that he will fit. If he is a plumber and there is an ad for a plumber's helper, we check with him and then mail out his brochure to the address given in the ad, along with a short letter from us explaining the man's situation. Then we wait for an answer.

At the present time we have made brochures for only two men. One was a stationary engineer, 4th Class. We sent out one brochure in answer to the only ad that appeared for a "Fourth" and in the answer we received the employer stated that he was literally swamped with applicants the day the ad appeared and he therefore had already filled the position. Seems reasonable enough. This was in July and there are certainly many firemen out of work during the summer months when the boilers are shut down in most small plants. The employer was

polite enough to answer, though, and he wished the man success.

Several brochures were mailed out for another man; a graduate of the Vocational Electrical course. We sent out four and got only one back. The one that came back was accompanied by a letter on plain stationery with no return address and unsigned. This had been sent to a box number at a newspaper and the advertiser obviously preferred to remain anonymous. That's fine, too. We expect a certain number of potential employers to react in this manner and it is their privilege.

Some of the blame for our failure in the case of the second man can be laid at the feet of the Diamond staff. There were many ads that suited him better than the ones we answered, but these ads could only be answered by telephone as there was no address given—only a phone number. The ads we were able to answer may have been a little higher than we should have been aiming for our man, but we felt that if we succeeded, we would have really helped the man to get started again.

It seems that we, as inmates, have

been expecting too much from the public and employers in particular. As Mr. Schrag points out in his TORONTO REPORT, things are a bit on the dull side out there. No matter what Diefenbaker says about solving the problem, there are still approximately 300,000 people out of work in Canada. Inmates can't claim special attention.

If we, as inmates, face reality, we must be prepared to start out lower than the vice-presidency of the company. The more education we can get, the more training in various skills—from electrician to operator of a front-end loader—the better are our chances of getting decent jobs at good wages. Not immediately, but as soon as we have proved our worth.

Our new Prisoner Potential Plan is limited in scope. It may or may not help anyone. It can't do any harm, though, so we will continue to try and hope that there are employers out there who are willing to come half way and help us. If they do, we will have a degree of success and it might mean jobs for a few of the men here now.



COMMITTEE NEWS

Missing from this issue is the regular page for COMMITTEE NEWS. The reason, apparently, is no news. As the movies are soon to be picked for the coming winter and an entertainment schedule will be made up, we assume the COMMITTEE NEWS page will be in our next issue.

As We See It!

The American Hit Parade

War is definitely just around the corner. Tin Pan Alley is cranking up the wurlitzer and producing martial sounding tunes with chauvinistic lyrics—a sure sign that trouble is near. The latest hit parade songs no longer deal with the Battle of New Orleans, but with the cold war. The atrocity designed to glorify the U-2 pilot, Francis Gary Powers, is enough to cause anyone with sensitive ears to declare war on the U.S.

The Cold War

In a letter to the editor of the *Globe & Mail*, a reader points to the United States' claim that they have "infallible scientific records" (presumably long range radar) to prove the RB-47 shot down by the Russians was never over Russian territory. Why then, asks the reader, didn't the Americans send rescue aircraft to the scene and effect a rescue if they knew where their plane was at all times. We used to believe the Americans, but since U-2 we don't believe either side.

The U.N., Canada & The Congo

We'll agree that the troubled Congo needed United Nations help. We'll even go along with Canada providing some of that help. But to spend over two and one-half million dollars for Caribou aircraft as an initial outlay and then the cost of maintaining over 500 service men for a period that may run to five years—a possible expenditure of \$9,000,000—is too much for Canada at this time. Charity begins at home and this money could be better used in helping Canada's own needy families or in creating employment for a few of the hundreds of thousands looking for work.

The Democratic Convention in L.A.

Some of the political leaders of the great United States of America came out badly this year. Take the state of New Jersey's governor, Robert Meyner, for instance. Meyner insisted on running for the Democratic nomination because, "I want my 25 minutes on television. . . I'm entitled to it." This responsible political leader drew 41 votes against Kennedy's 806.

UNDER THE SIGN OF

By R. E. Porter



TAURUS

I first discovered the value of Horoscopes by accident. For amusement I had always read the Ann Landers column in the daily newspaper I subscribe to and one day the Horoscope column was nestled fatally alongside Miss Landers' picture.

I peeked at the first few entries and was thereafter trapped. It happened to be my birthday and there, for all the world to see, was the truth about me: "You are of keen intelligence, have charm, poise and are especially attractive to the opposite sex. You are destined for great things in your field but you must apply yourself assiduously if you are to achieve your true potential."

After looking up *assiduously* in the dictionary, I settled back in my chair with a contented smile, idly reflecting upon the omniscience of the stars.

As I said before, I was now hooked into reading the Horoscope column daily, but being "of Keen Intelligence" I did not immediately put what I read into practice. Better to go cautiously and give the stars a chance to prove themselves, I thought.

Like the horse player who keeps daily past performance charts, I began clipping the free advice and at the end of the day I would compare the suggestions with what had happened. The proof was there. I had missed several opportunities for advancement

lately simply by not following the sound advice given for the day in question. For instance, the day I got fired for coming in drunk the Horoscope said: "By elevating your consciousness now and concentrating upon greater goals, you can realize a far greater income than ever before. Later, take the health treatments that you require."

I had taken the health treatments too early!

Being unemployed, I was now in a position to spend even more time studying the effects of my daily Horoscope and I soon became convinced of the infallibility of the stars. This was when I first conceived the idea that if the stars were infallible, all I had to do was wait for a favourable forecast and then I could do no wrong. Or rather, I could not get caught doing wrong.

Money was by now in short supply—I was reduced to picking up newspapers after someone else had discarded them—so the good news had to come soon. It did.

On March 12 my future was mapped out for the day as follows: "Look into the more modern methods which

authorities are willing to show you now so that you can become more efficient and command a greater income." Even as I turned the page I reflected upon how the stars—twinkling peacefully hundreds of millions of light years away — could know that greater income was the uppermost thought in my mind. And on the next page I saw the answer.

In a two page picture layout the opening of a new bank was described. Pictures of the vault, cash drawers and alarm devices were being advertised for all the world, but thanks to my horoscope, it had a special meaning for me. Not one to rush into things, I decided to wait until the stars called for further action.

In the meantime, of course, it wouldn't hurt to look into things a little.

I should make it clear that this was a new and untried line of endeavour for me and I had a lot to learn. I thought to myself, who could possibly help me on this type of problem. And the stars came through again.

March 17: "You require certain information from one who is very reticent about talking, but if you approach him honestly and are sure to keep the data secret, you can achieve your aims."

I spent a full ten minutes gazing heavenward after reading that, trying to pick out the particular star that was shepherding me through these perilous times. The words "very reticent about talking" immediately brought to mind a picture of an old fellow whose acquaintance I once made. He had been down and out when he asked me for the dime and having felt rather sorry

for him, I took him into the nearest restaurant and bought him a meal. During the course of the dinner he got around to talking about the reasons for his position in life and it turned out he was an ex-convict. Now I will freely admit that this startled me and I immediately felt my pocket to be sure my wallet was still there, but he went on to assure me that he wasn't interested in little scores—he was a bank robber. Or at least he had been. It was at this point he became reticent about talking and refused to discuss any particular bank. I saw the old fellow home and wished him luck in the future. That is, I wished him luck in any honest endeavour he might get into as he had told me how his record might make it hard for him to obtain employment.

Anyway, here was the man who could supply the information I needed as to get-away cars, hideouts, police nets and so forth. Be honest, the Horoscope had said, so when I found him I blurted, "I'm thinking of robbing a bank and I need some advice."

He almost ran out of the room, but after I assured him that I didn't need an *active* partner he settled down a little. To his credit, he tried to talk me out of it. But I, of course, was too starry-eyed to listen.

When I left the old man several hours later he wished me luck.

I was not yet ready to move, but all my plans were laid. I awaited only the message from space. It seemed a long time in coming, but when it arrived it seemed as if it had come too soon. "You have duties to perform. Get an early start and do them willingly as they are certain to be success-

ful." I was scared, now. Scared enough to *buy* another paper and do a double check on the stars. The second message was brief, but also seemed favourable: "Work alone if possible as other people retard rather than help you today."

That fitted in with my plans, so off I went to do battle with high finance and the forces of law and order. Everything went off fine, just like I knew it would. \$8,000 that little star had sent to me. For a brief moment I thought of establishing a trust fund in its name, but quickly discarded the idea as being too expensive.

During the days that followed I was too busy enjoying myself to read a newspaper. I should have. I don't know what the stars said, but it must have been bad because I wound up in a cell. The police, it seemed, recognized the *modus operandi* as that of my "reticent" friend and when they

picked him up he proved to be voluble rather than secretive. They would have had me sooner except that I was running around too much.

I got twenty years, but I knew it was going to be a long stretch before I went into the court room. "Resign yourself to a bad day, the minds of people you will be dealing with today are apt to be sullen and bitter due to past disillusionment." When I read that I almost had a heart attack, but I faithfully followed the advice and resigned myself to my fate.

I'm in the penitentiary now, but I won't have to do much more time. One of these days my Horoscope will read along these lines: "This is one of your best days for almost anything that has to do with travelling. Make a new beginning—nothing can stop you if you are determined."

I hope the Warden understands.



He was a burglar, stout and strong,
Who held: "It surely can't be wrong
To open trunks and rifle shelves,
For God helps those who help themselves."
And when before the court he came,
And boldly rose to plead the same,
The Judge replied, "That's very true.
You've helped yourself, now God help you!"



Teacher: "In which of his battles was King Charlemagne slain?"
Pupil: "His last one!"

VOCATIONAL TRAINING

The Vocational Training Courses will soon be starting again with a new group of students and in order to help the inmate who is thinking of enrolling in one of these courses, we are printing a short synopsis of each course outline. All courses are of one year's duration with the last three months

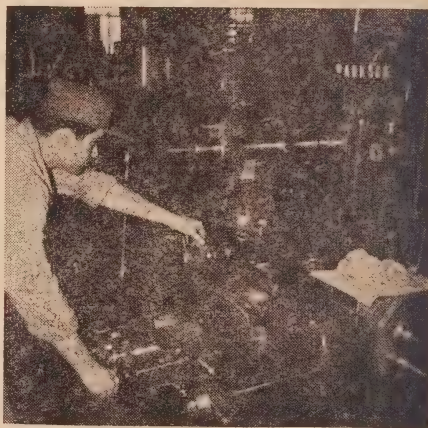
being spent in practical work and the first nine months in intensive theoretical instruction and practical training. The one exception to this is the Welding Course, which is run twice a year and is, therefore, of only six month's duration at the present, but will be extended in the future.



MACHINE SHOP

Under the instruction of Mr. A. J. Bignon, the student will receive training and theoretical instruction in: Lathe Operation — turning, threading, boring, face plate and fixture work; Milling machine operations — set-up, general and complicated work, gear cutting, dividing head set-up, plain and compound indexing, fly cutting and the use of fixtures; Shaper operations; Surface grinding; Tool and Cutter grinding; Tool and Cutter grinding including the grinding of all types of milling cutters; Bench fitting operations; Drill press operations; Heat treatment of metals; Oxy-acetelene cutting and welding; and related training in mathematics and blueprint reading. (The related training is part of all courses and is mandatory.)

Several new lathes and other machines have recently been acquired by this shop — including a new shaper — and it is now considered to be one of



An inmate learning to operate and set up a milling machine.

the best equipped training shops in the institution. After completing the first nine months of the course, the student will go on to the maintenance part of this shop and under Mr. Fowler he will continue to learn the practical applications of the training he has received.

BRICKMASONS

Under the dual instructorship of Mr. R. Dick and Mr. R. Ayre, the men enrolling in the Brickmasons' class will receive both theory and practical instruction in the use of all brick-mason tools; construction of 4-inch, 8-inch, 12 inch and 16-inch brick and composite walls in Common, English, Flemish and Pattern bonds including layout and construction of corners,

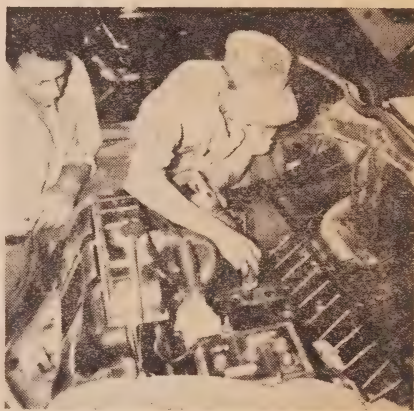
Pilasters, Piers, Fireplaces, Intersecting walls and footings; Layout and construction of Terra Cotta and glazed tile partition walls; Layout and installation of tile floors; Instruction in the use and purpose of specification; Estimating the cost of labour and materials; and Related Training.

The men build walls, fireplaces, etc., on the floor of the shop and also work on various construction projects around the institution. In this way, they become proficient in the practical work rather than just having a "book" knowledge of the trade.

MOTOR VEHICLE REPAIR

By far the most popular course in the institution at the present time, this class is taught in a spacious, modern, well-equipped shop by Mr. M. Derrick. With a variety of Sun Testing Equipment—motor analyzer, distributor tester, and generator-regulator test bench—and several cars that can be stripped down and rebuilt by students. The graduate of this course will be a well-trained, competent mechanic. The list of equipment in the Vocational Garage would be too long to enumerate, but suffice it to say that it is the most modern available and any repair that could be made on a motor vehicle can be done in this garage—by former students of the course.

Theoretical and practical instruction in the use of all hand and power tools is given, including the use of steering correction and testing equipment. Trouble shooting on all types of ve-



Inmate doing valve seating work.

hicles—from Volkswagens to Bulldozers—and chassis work is all thoroughly taught.

The last three months of this course are spent working on the floor under the tutelage not only of Mr. Derrick, but Mr. A. Babcock and Mr. R. Abrams as well. All of these officers are licensed mechanics and are able to pass on to the men many trade secrets that they have picked up over the years.

WELDING

A new course with a new instructor, Mr. W.H. Parks, this shop has all new equipment in both oxy-acetylene and arc. Inaugurated in 1959, two courses have already been completed as this course is on a six month basis. Theoretical instruction is given in all phases of the trade—metallurgy of steel, physical and chemical analysis of the welding electrode, classification of electric arc and oxy-acetylene welding rods—but practice is one of the essentials of mastering welding so most of the student's time is spent in doing actual welding or cutting projects.

In Electric Arc process the student learns the following: Beading in all

positions; Fillet welding single pass in all positions; Fillet welding multiple pass in all positions; Groove welding in all positions on plate thicknesses from one-fourth to two-thirds of an inch. Construction and maintenance of equipment are taught thoroughly as well.

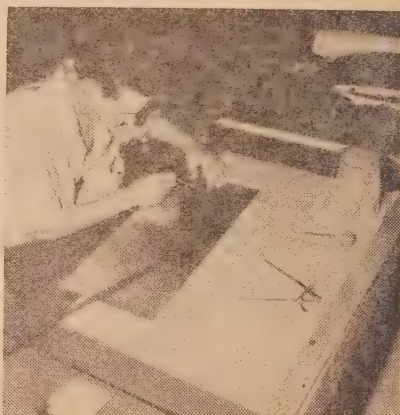
In the Oxy-acetylene process beading in all positions; Horizontal fillet welds; Groove welding up to one-fourth of an inch thickness and Pipe welding in all positions are practiced by the students until they become proficient. The use, care and construction of the equipment is, of course, an integral part of the course.

After completing the six months intensive training, the students are then transferred to the blacksmith shop where they are given ample opportunity to apply the skills they have acquired.

SHEET METAL

A difficult trade to master, but one in which there is always ample employment and high wages, this course is one of the oldest here at the Bay and is still taught by the original instructor, Mr. G.A. Irvine.

The instruction includes the use of all machine and hand tools used in the trade; spot welding, soldering, seaming and reinforcing of edges, Pattern layout including simple development, parallel line development, radial development and development by triangulation are stressed and the graduate should be a competent pattern and layout man. Eavestroughing, flashing, duct work and the installation of gravity and forced warm air heating systems are thoroughly taught along



Inmate doing layout work on sheet metal project.

with instruction in the use and purpose of specification manuals and charts. Estimating the cost of labour and materials is learned in conjunction with blueprint reading and mathematics in the Related Training School.

ELECTRICAL

This course was covered in last month's Diamond, and it will be necessary here only to give a short outline of the course syllabus.

A great deal of the student's time will be taken up by the mastering of the theory of electricity and the electron. Electrostatics, Electrodynamics, Magnetism and Electro-Magnetism, Signal and circuit wiring, Splicing, Soldering and blowtorch practice, House wiring, Motor Wiring, HEPC regulations, Resistance, Capacitance, Inductance, AC & DC theory, motors and transformers, polyphase circuits, are just a few of the many aspects of the electrical trade taught to the men on this course.



Crow Equipment set up on test bench for an electrical experiment.

The instructor, Mr. A.J.W. Robinson, has a well-equipped shop and all he needs to pass along the electrical knowledge is a student with an inquiring and intelligent mind.



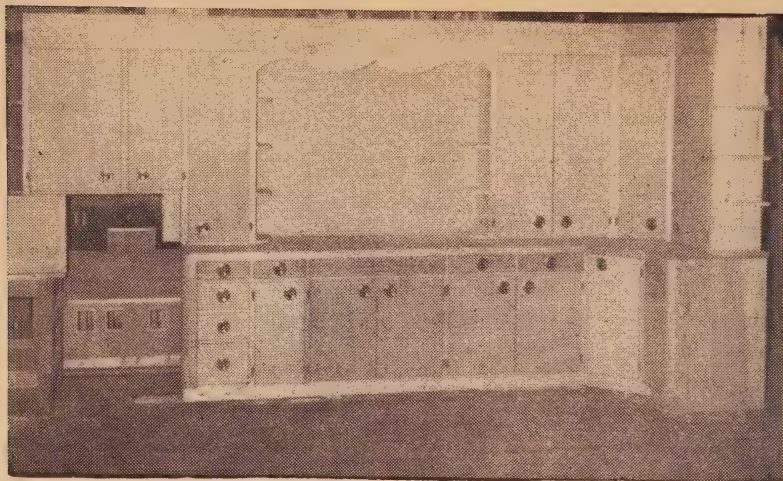
PLUMBING and HEATING

This popular course gives instruction in all phases of the plumbing and heating field. The novice is given both theory and practical training in all the basics—hand and machine tools, soldering, threading, bending, cutting, lead work including joint wiping, and the flaring and sweating of copper tub-

ing—and is also given detailed instruction on the installation of plumbing systems and hot water heating systems. Blueprint reading and estimating are part of the Related Training taught with the course and the students will also become familiar with layout work and the use of the specification charts and manuals.

The instructor, Mr. C.L. McQuaide, has taught this class for almost seven years and is thoroughly familiar with the problems of passing on his knowledge to the students. A difficult course for some students, it is well worth enrolling in as the work is always available and the wages are very high; up to \$3.20 per hour for a journeyman in the Toronto area.

CARPENTRY



A set of kitchen cupboards made by students of this course.

This course demands a certain degree of manual skill on the part of the student as well as a liking for woodwork. Under the direction of Mr. W. Huff, an easy-going, well-liked and capable instructor, these skills can be developed and the graduates of this course have turned out some excellent work in the form of kitchen cabinets, stairways and other carpenter work.

Theoretical instruction and practical training are given to the students in the use of all hand and power tools; bench work; Layout; House and roof framing; Trim work; Manufacture and

installations of doors, window frames and sash; Stair layout and construction; Use of the steel carpenter's square; and Related Training and Blueprint Reading and Mathematics.

While cabinet making is the goal of many of the students, they become very well trained and adept at construction carpentry. Most of the students stay in this shop for the one-year duration of the course and—if they haven't been paroled or released by then—they move over to the Industrial Carpenters for the remainder of their sentence.

These courses are being taught in order to give the inmates an opportunity to improve their position in life. We would be foolish not to take advantage of them as it is only by having skills equal to, or better than, the man on the street that we can overcome the

stigma of being an ex-inmate. And another thing: we understand it helps on a parole application if the Board can see that you are trying to better yourself by using your time constructively. And Vocational Training is certainly constructive.

The

TINY

by Jim Birnstihl

Battle

The weather, damp and clammy, was the only thing bothered Lt Potter on that October evening as his section made its way down the hill. It had rained a few hours earlier and the ground was still regurgitating juicily under the feet of the men. Mud had never agreed with Lt Potter.

Their order had been brief. Engage the enemy if and when found and report back with any pertinent information in regard to their strength and equipment. That was all.

The order itself had not bothered anyone, but when the lieutenant added that it was only necessary for one man to return with this piece of intelligence, the four enlisted men cast knowing glances at each other. It was that kind of patrol.

No one talked as they moved forward. Intelligence had stated, with hesitation, that the area at the foot of their hill was clean of enemy forces. Even had they stated a fact, these soldiers would have taken no chances. They remembered the briefing from the adjutant all too clearly.

"Always respect the other fellow, men. Always credit him with his innate instincts—remember, he wants to live just as badly as you do. He is no freak of nature. He has a home and family, the same as you. And strange as it may seem, he believes in what he's fighting for." The adjutant had paused to let his remarks sink well into their cortical areas, then added: "The minute you

forget this, the minute you take him for the fool, turn east and bow your silly heads—you will soon be meeting your Maker."

He had said much more, but these words remained. The men, and even Lt Potter, would not soon be forgetting them. They knew it was the truth and they knew that they had all been guilty of this great military sin.

The patrol was well into the woods. As they plodded forward, always silent, the trees and rocks seemed to take on life. The shadows cast sombre figures about the ground and as the light breeze moved the branches of the higher limbs, their nerves instinctively repelled the inimical objects. More than one man had taken up the first pressure on the trigger. All had released their safety catches.

After about twenty minutes in the forest, they once more came upon a small clearing. Visibility was poor, even with the full moon, but they could make out several tall trees in the distance. Two in particular caught their eye. They were tall and erect, much like the guards of old Lt Potter had read about as a child. In the full night they appeared more bushy than they really were, but there was no mistaking their height.

"All right men, let's take five."

They stood for a moment before sinking to the damp ground.

Only a soldier who has marched long and hard — with nerves taut as a trout line with a strike — really knows the meaning of rest. He needs no mattress; no blanket; no bowl of hot soup

for his peace. No, he needs only the knowledge that life is still his, if only for a short while longer; that he is still a player in the game. Seven is a dangerous number.

No one said anything for a while then the lieutenant noticed the trees again. The two tall ones especially drew his attention. "It shouldn't be long now," he said in a whisper. "I imagine we'll come across something near those trees." The young officer did not know why he thought that the enemy would be located where he said. It was only a notion he had.

"Ya think so?" offered one of the men in a similar tone of voice, only with a note of incredulous fright. The night had that effect, even upon veterans.

"I think so. You know men, this is the first time we will have met the enemy face to face, so to speak," he reflected quietly. "I wonder how we'll do?" He paused for a moment and no one answered — no one had to.

"Well," he continued, "I for one am damn happy about it. When I left the service college I wanted to prove myself and ever since we've been here it's been sort of a drag; like the whole thing was one big maneuver."

"You're forgettin' one thing lieutenant," hissed the corporal very sarcastically, "you only been here a few months, we been here ten, we seen 'em up close. If you want a medal it's OK with me, but don't expect me to help ya win it. I'm walkin' up that hill of ours a little later come hurricanes or hell." The NCO felt better.

The lieutenant did not say anything. He knew that he had made an error. He just thought of the stupidity of soldiers, any soldiers, but particularly the enemy's. They just didn't have

what it takes. Well, he was an officer and when the shooting started he would prove it.

The lieutenant was an educated man.

The break lasted closer to ten minutes than five and presently they harnessed up and silently continued their journey. It didn't take long, only a few minutes, and they were once more in a state of trepidation; not outwardly, but deep within each man. All that is, except Lt Potter.

The sweat on the corporal's face left fearful streaks running from forehead to neck. He looked much like a fierce western Indian in full battle regalia; black, charcoaled face, with thin white streaks exposing the flesh.

As they neared the trees tension in their bodies mounted — if possible. The natural giants were perched on the brink of a small rise in an otherwise flat expanse. Only some large boulders about sixty yards distant offered shelter.

As the small party reached the edge of the clearing the officer called a halt.

"OK, this should be it. Any time now and we can run into them. You probably know that our chances of finding them first are about nil. We have got to expect to draw fire first. If anyone is badly wounded they will have to be left behind, we can't carry anything that heavy out if we're under attack. And remember, unless at least one of us gets back with the information, the mission will have been a waste of time — and life."

They stood there in silence, each savouring the delights of the once despised damp air.

The lieutenant was the first to step into the field, followed at five yard intervals by his men. The corporal brought up the rear. When they neared

the first small rocks it happened.

Two shots, one very quickly after the other, sounded throughout the country side. Before the slaps of the rifle fire resounded off the mountainous hills surrounding the area, two of Lt. Potter's soldiers were dead. He and the two remaining men quickly threw themselves to the ground with arms at the ready, but they had no target at which to fire. There was only the omnipotent silence of the night.

The lieutenant was crouched behind a small boulder about fifty yards from the two tall trees. He turned around on his stomach to find the remainder of his section and saw the two forms a short distance away, completely exposed. "Up here, men! Here! Here!" he whispered loudly—too loudly.

Monkey-running, they advanced on his position. "I think they're over that rise, behind the trees," he said. "We'll have to make for the ground at the foot of the rise. You go first and Willson will follow. I'll bring up the rear," he said to the corporal. The man didn't answer or even nod. He jumped to his feet and dashed for the cover which the trees afforded. When he was directly under one, the second soldier ran.

A shot, a scream, then another shot, and the two lay badly wounded—or dead. Lt. Potter couldn't tell.

He sat bolt straight, clearly exposing himself. The shock of the last shots completely unnerved him. When in a few moments he came to his senses, he quickly ducked down.

"I'll be damned," he muttered, "they're in the trees. There's a sniper in one of those trees."

Though a tragedy lay at his feet,

he could not, for the life of him, suppress a chuckle. He knew he would have the last laugh. That little coolie up the tree had had his day. Here was his chance. The chance he had hoped and prayed for. Just he and an enemy soldier in a battle of wits for survival. Ha! He would employ all the knowledge he had acquired while at the service college and quite literally make a monkey out of this tree bandit.

He lay there formulating his plan. He would have to gamble, but that was a necessary evil. First, he would make a dash for the two large rocks several yards ahead. They were situated in a rough "V" formation, affording him protection from two angles. This would be the first gamble.

It was accomplished without incident.

As the plan took shape in his mind he calculated the risk. The Intelligence officer had told them that snipers were armed with a six shot rifle—automatic. However, there was a reservation. Who could guarantee that this particular sniper would carry that particular weapon? The Chinese were notorious scroungers. Perhaps he had picked up the new British rifle which loaded 14 shots. He would gamble on the information the Intelligence officer had passed on.

He would get the sniper to use his six shots. He would watch closely for the tell-tale burst of fire which would erupt from the rifle, thereby ascertaining the correct tree. Then, when the last shot was fired, he would just stand up as cool as you please and shoot him, before he could reload. It was a simple but effective plan.

The plan appealed to Lt. Potter for several reasons; the first and fore-

most being the dramatic climax he would enact before he actually pulled the trigger. He would let the so-an-so know who was going to hit him. He would take his time—but not too much time.

It didn't take much thought to get the sniper firing. The young officer placed his helmet on the end of the barrel of his sten gun and slowly raised it above the rock. The moonlight it reflected presented an excellent target. The sniper used three shots on this alone. Potter watched carefully for any movement which might indicate that the enemy was reloading. There was none.

A stone thrown to his right accounted for the fourth and fifth shots. There was only one left.

Lt. Potter quietly removed his battle dress tunic to enable him a freer movement. Then, placing his sten gun within easy reach, he took off his dented helmet and with all his might, threw the head piece against the rock. The unearthly clatter of the helmet and the shot were nearly simultaneous.

Potter jumped lightly to his feet, the gun already aimed. He stood there for a few seconds attempting to project himself into the sniper's position. What was he thinking, thinking at this very minute? Did he really know he was about to die? Is he cursing the day he ever met up with this enemy officer? After what seemed like an eternity to Lt. Potter, he pulled the trigger. The rapid succession of shots moved Potter's whole body in a series of vibrations. He felt good.

The gun seemed a long time in emptying, he thought, but in reality it was only a few seconds. The sounds of his shots were still coming back from the high hills when he felt it.

An unknown force cruelly threw him to the ground. He lay there stunned but still conscious. He knew he had been shot.

As his hand moved for his stomach he felt the first sharp pain. He didn't cry out. And it would have been useless if he had. Something told him he was going to die and it did not matter. He only wondered who had shot him. Could it have been his sniper? He was hardly conscious when he saw it. The movement in the branches of the second tree explained everything to him in those last few seconds. Then he was dead.

The second sniper climbed slowly to the ground. He called softly, only once, to his comrade in the other tree, but he knew that there would be no answer. He walked over to the body of Lt. Potter.

Not bad looking for an Englishman, he thought as he removed the lieutenant's watch. But a little stupid I guess. It was going to be a fine little war, he thought, if all English officers are as stupid as this. And he had no doubt but what they were. It was his last thought.

The corporal's bullet smashed him to the ground.

He didn't pause long because night was fast fading away. He removed Lt. Potter's watch from the sniper's hand, put it in his pocket and walked away. He was sure Potter's mother would like the timepiece.

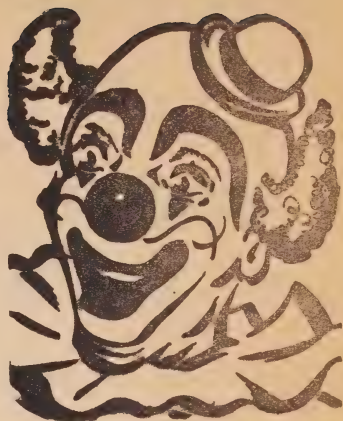
The sun was just climbing over the mountains as the corporal reached the foot of his hill. He called the pass-word loudly, received an answer, and began the long climb up. He felt deeply relieved as he kept his promise to himself. He was climbing that damn hill, and it hadn't been too much later.

* * * * *

The Jovial Jester



WACKY WIT



The Age of Specialization:

In an institution of this size there are many hundreds of light bulbs and it requires an inmate working full-time to check them all every day. It's a big job, this keeping the lights burning, but we never realized how big until the other day.

A man had just been in one of the offices asking if the lights were all right and after having been assured they were he departed. Several minutes later another inmate showed up and asked the same question.

A little puzzled, the occupant of the office asked, "Have you got a helper? Another guy was just in here asking the same thing."

"Oh, no," replied the bulb replacer. "That was the *fluorescent* light man. I don't handle that kind."



A pessimist is one who feels bad when he feels good for fear he'll feel worse when he feels better.

"What I mean is," explained the insurance salesman to a rural prospect, "how would your wife carry on if you should die?"

"Well," answered the farmer, I don't reckon that's any concern of mine—as long as she behaves herself while I'm alive."



They have a new name for Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin these days: The Unquenchables.

Brian Olney on CKWS Radio



Let's Play Fair

The elderly widow zoomed past the motorcycle cop at almost 90 mph. He gave chase, brought her to a stop and asked to see her license.

"Young man," she snapped, "how can I be expected to show my driver's license when you people keep taking it away from me?"

SPORTS

At The Bay

NATIONAL LEAGUE

By Jim Cox

TEAM STANDINGS

	P	W	L	Pts.
Pirates	15	11	4	22
Phillies	15	8	7	16
Dodgers	15	8	7	15
Braves	15	3	12	6

EXCITING FINALE TO FIRST HALF PENNANT RACE

The first half of the Major League schedule came to a close over this August 1st week-end. When the points were added up and the rest of the statistics entered into the official score-keeper's record book, it was the Pirates holding down first with a four point edge over the Dodgers and the Phillies, both tied for second place. The Braves trailing the league leaders by fourteen points remained in the cellar position.

Going into this week-end series the three top teams were separated by a difference of two points. The Phillies and Pirates both having fourteen points in a deadlock for first place, and the Dodgers with twelve, only one game off the pace. The Pirates made a clean

sweep of their games bringing their winning streak to the phenomenal total of nine in a row. Joe Smith, manager of what he calls *The Big Red Machine* took great pleasure in haunting your editor with up to the minute reports on his Pirate's position, and even though he is in reality a "salty old son-uv-a-gun" his ear-to-ear smile could be seen by everyone throughout the three day contest.

Tom Lucik and his Dodgers were also quite pleased with the results of their efforts. Ron Sears, Phillies manager, and Gubby Armitage of the Braves were the hardest hit losing the majority of their games, although both of these teams came up with excellent performances.

Another excellent performance was turned in by Larry Honeyman who executed a triple play. With two on and nobody out, the batter smashed a liner to third base and the third baseman, Duncan, managed to get his glove on the ball and tip it to Honeyman at short. With the runners moving on what looked like a sure hit, Honeyman grabbed the ball before it hit the ground, ran to second and then on to first before either of the runners could recover.

PIRATES vs PHILLIES

Saturday, July 30th

Pirates took over the league leadership all alone winning this one 8 to 7. By the end of the 3rd inning Pirates had taken a four run lead and kept pushing runs over the plate retaining an edge over the Phillies until the top of the eighth. Here the Phillies were successful in bringing the score to a seven-all deadlock. Joe Dubroy on the mound for the Pirates got into trouble, giving up two hits in the top of the ninth which put runners on second and third with nobody out. However, Joe calmly struck the next three batters out to end the inning. The winning run came in the Pirate half of the inning after Ray Delaney, Pirate captain, got on base then was brought in by Roger Bouley's long, long triple.

In spite of the Phillies getting 17 hits as against the Pirates 10, they were forced to take the loss. Probably the deciding factor in this game was that Phillies could not bunch their hits and left 13 men stranded.

PIRATES vs DODGERS

Sunday, July 31st

Final score: Pirates 10—Dodgers 9. This was the third successive one-run victory for the Pirates and it seems the team's luck has taken a complete reversal from the first of the season. At that time they lost four straight games by one run margins. Joe Dubroy was the winning pitcher and Tom Lucik took the loss.

Marve H. of the Pirates came out of his batting slump by collecting two home runs and a single in four trips to the plate. His effort accounted for

six of the ten Pirate tallies. Tom Lucik and "Dino" Kanary got back-to-back homers in the top of the first inning for the Dodgers. Larry Honeyman pleased the spectators with several sparkling fielding plays and also hit a two run homer in the top of the fourth.

DEPARTMENT LEADERS

RBI's — Bedard, 21

Home Runs — John Huffman, Marve H.,

Joe Dubroy and Meiro Pretula: 4 each.

Runs Scored — Farlinger, 18

Slugging Percentage — Marve H., .587,

Pretula, .579, Delaney, .574.....

PHILLIES vs BRAVES

Monday, August 1st

The winning run in this game was scored by Cassarin...and hotly contested by nearly every one in the park, 'specially Gubby Armitage, Braves MGR. Cassarin, a consistent .333, batter got on with a sharp single and advanced to second on a wild pitch by Braves' pitcher, Renaud. He went on to third on another wild pitch and was allowed to walk to home plate when umpire Parkinson made an interference call against third baseman Brydson. Final score Phillies 4, Braves 3. Eddie Green gave up 4 hits, while the losing pitcher Renaud was tagged for 8.

George Preston had a good day with 2 doubles in three trips to the plate, with Hucker and Dade each getting singles.

In this game the Braves completed their 6th and 7th double plays, both involving Dale Brydson who has participated in 4 of the 7.

PITCHER'S RECORDS

Name	IP	Hits	W	L	ERA
Dubroy	96	111	8	2	5.07
Green	123	118	8	7	4.39
Clark	36	39	3	2	4.50
Lucik	80	105	5	6	6.30
Renaud	85	94	3	6	5.72

DODGERS vs PHILLIES

Monday, August 1st

The scoreboard read Dodgers 7, Phillies 3, at the end of a game in which there was no doubt of the outcome. Tom Lucik went all the way for the Dodgers allowing 10 hits and striking out 5 men, with Eddy Green the losing pitcher giving up 10 hits as well, but striking out 6.

Dodger hitting was led by Bell who smashed out two two-run homers accounting for 4 of the Dodger tallies. Muir, Desnoyers and Honeyman were all to be commended for their efforts at the plate.

For the Phillies, Larue went 2 for 4, copied by Hucker who also hit 2 for 4, one of them being a home run. Gordie Dade hit 2 for 3 and came up with some remarkable fielding plays.

TOP TEN BATTERS

(Based on 45 or more at bats)

Player	AB	H	HR	Avg.
Dominick P.	57	25	1	.456
Delaney	47	15	3	.383
Dade	55	20	0	.364
Pretula	57	16	4	.351
Johnson	52	16	1	.327
Bedard	67	19	2	.313
Green Ed	64	18	1	.297
Kanary	51	14	1	.294
Honeyman	62	16	2	.290
Marve H.	63	14	4	.286
Huffman J.	63	14	4	.286

BRAVES vs PIRATES

Monday, August 1st

Joe Smith's Pirates again won another squeaker by the score of 6 to 5. This was a nine inning game that wasn't completed until late Monday afternoon but when the final inning was played the Pirates had moved up another two points in the lead. Joe Dubroy, winning pitcher won his 7th game in a row after losing his first two starts.

For the Braves Bill Clark and Kenny Renaud combined to keep their team in contention all the way through the game. Renaud was forced to accept the loss when, with the score tied up 5 to 5 in the last of the eighth, John and his brother Marve H. teamed up to drive in the winning run.



INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE

by Cox and Stevenson

The past few weeks have seen a tightening up of the race for the flag in this league. The Marlins are still on top, but the hard driving Leafs are closing the gap and threatening to make a comeback equal to the pennant drive of the 1951 New York Giants. After getting off to a dismal

start, this team has been revamped and is now the best in the league. Still, with all the teams capable of beating the others, it will be tough for the Leafs to catch up with the Marlins in the six games left to play.

The Bisons and Royals are also good teams, but seem to lack the sustained drive necessary to overhaul the league leaders. The fight for a play-off spot should be between the Royals and Bisons, but an injury to a key player on either the Leafs or Marlins could change the picture.

While we are unwilling to stick our chins out at this date, we will take a chance and call the Marlins for pennant winners and the Leafs to win the playoffs.

Hold the Press! Nicholas, leading hitter and fielder for the Marlins was forced out on parole. If a replacement isn't soon found, this could hurt the team's pennant hopes. However, the schedule still favours this team and we will stick to our choice.

International League

TEAM STANDINGS

	P	W	L	Pts.
Marlins	17	10	6	21
Bisons	17	8	8	17
Leafs	17	8	9	16
Royals	17	7	10	14

LEAFS vs ROYALS

Saturday, July 23rd

Leafs beat the Royals by a score of 13 to 2. Big guns were Cojacar, Fogerty, and Bell. Cojacar pitching for the Leafs struck out 15 batters and went 2 for 5 at the plate. Fogerty went 4 for 6 hitting one home run, while Bell hit 2 for 3 with a double and a

single. Special mention goes to Mills on the losing Royal team. This relief pitcher, called in at the top of the fifth, allowed only two hits, struck out five batters, and came up with the hit that drove in both Royal runs.

MARLINS vs ROYALS

Saturday, July 23rd

Marlins copped this one, 17 to 14 after an exciting, free hitting seven innings. Nine out of the 17 runs counted up on the Marlins score sheet were driven in by Beaudin. . . two singles, a double, and a triple. . . and Cottingham. . . a home run, a double, and a single! For the Royals Cooper, Belliveau and Norris were the stand out hitters, smashing out every kind of hit in the book. Winning pitcher. . . Jimmy W., called in to relieve in the fifth inning, while the loser was Roy Belliveau.

MARLINS vs BISONS

Sunday, July 24th

Marlins came from behind to win by a 4 run margin. Final score — 20 to 16. Big Jim W., still hot from his morning work out, went all the way pitching his team to victory. Backing Jim up in the hitting department were, Ross Hardy going 4 for 5 and 3 rbi's. Udell, 3 for 5 with 3 rbi's, and Dave MacLean hitting 2 for 2. Sweeney, the Bison relief pitcher came on in the sixth inning and fattened his batting average with a 2 for 2 effort. Gibson hit 3 for 6 driving in 2 rbi's. Ted Chapman was happy to see his two new players, Smith and King, could come up with big hits, a home run and two singles, and should prove to be a valuable asset to his team.

LEAFS vs MARLINS

Saturday, July 30th

Last place Leafs upset the league leading Marlins 14 to 12, moving themselves out of the cellar position. With Cojacar pitching the full nine innings, Leafs came from behind to get the win. Besides striking out 11 men, Cojacar was credited with a pair of base hits as well. Buller got 4 hits, Don Scott 3, and Fogerty 2, helping to pull this one out of the fire.

Big Jim W. went all the way for the Marlins, while Ross Hardy and Nellie Renaud were the most consistent hitters on this team.

TOP TEN BATTERS

(Based on 30 or more at bats)

PLAYER	AB	H	R	Avg.
Belliveau F.	66	32	27	.470
Nicholas	64	30	35	.469
Cottingham	62	28	28	.452
Cojacar	54	24	19	.444
Potter	51	22	14	.431
Bell	35	15	13	.429
Siblock	64	27	20	.422
Norbruis	59	24	22	.407
MacFarland	64	26	20	.406
Fogarty	70	28	32	.400

BISONS vs ROYALS

Sunday, July 31st

Under new manager Malloy and with the fine pitching of another new member of the team, Bisons took a stronger hold on second place when they defeated Royals 17 to 3. The Royals got only four hits, two each from the bats of Cooper and Norris. Wiing pitcher: Desrocher.

Standout player for the Bisons was MacFarland with 3 hits and 3 rbi's followed closely by Humphries and Smith coming up with 2 hits apiece.

BISONS vs LEAFS

Sunday, July 31st

Bisons with Desrocher on the mound for the second time today, defeated the red-hot Leafs 18 to 17. Leafs had the game tied up going into the last of the ninth but Desrocher won his own game by stealing home with the tie breaking run. MacFarland definitely proved to be the player of the day hitting 4 for 5 and driving in 5 rbi's. His teammate King made a sparkling unassisted doubleplay thwarting a dangerous Leaf rally in the late innings.

Bell the losing pitcher went 3 for 3 at the plate, and McKellar picked up 3 hits to help out his average.

LEAFS vs ROYALS

Monday, August 1st

In one of the season's closest games Leafs nipped the Royals by the score of 6 to 4 behind the fine pitching of Cojacar, going all the way for the win. Don Scott and Buller gave Cojacar the support he needed with 2 hits apiece accounting for 4 of the 6 runs.

Roy Belliveau on the mound for the Royals pitched outstanding ball, but a couple of costly errors by his team mates made all the difference in the final score. Big bats for the Royals were Frank Belliveau and Danny Potter. These fellows are possibly the best in the league.



Players of the Month

Players of the Month are picked on the basis of their value to their team, batting averages, fielding ability and the sportsmanship they show on the field. The men picked need not necessarily be the leading hitters or have the most rbi's. Displays of poor sportsmanship automatically disqualify a player.

NATIONAL LEAGUE



PAUL DOMINICK

PAUL DOMINICK, a 24-year old native of Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, is the major league **PLAYER OF THE MONTH**. Paul, who is in the second year of a four-year sentence, came to the majors this year after hitting a substantial .498 in the International League last year. He is catcher for the second place Phillies and his all-round ability and hustle have been one of the reasons for this team's position in the standings. A consistent hitter, Dominic is now leading his league with a .456 average.

When not wielding a heavy bat at the plate, Paul is making light, deft strokes with a razor in the prison barbershop. A student on the Vocational Barbers course, he looks forward to getting his Barber's License and working at this trade after his release.

First pitcher to win the **PLAYER OF THE MONTH** title is **ROBERT COJOCAR**, a 20-year old from Windsor, Ontario. Bob got off to a slow start in the minor league, but he has come on lately to win six of his last seven games and post a won-lost record of 7-5. His 143 strikeouts in 108 innings have made him the scourge of the league, although the 127 walks he has issued have also caused his teammates to age quickly.

INTERNATIONAL

LEAGUE



ROBERT COJOCAR

Cojocar's only previous ball experience was in school and it has been several years since he even had a glove on. We expect him to develop into a National League calibre pitcher before he completes this three-year sentence. One thing, though: The hitters on the minor league will be glad to see him promoted.

ALL-STAR

By Jim Cox

ACTION

SINNERS vs. BROCKVILLE STARS

Sunday, August 7th, 1960

To the dismay of our prison all-star team and to many in the prison's cheering section Brockville whitewashed the Sinners by the lopsided score of 11 to 0. Unable to score on the five hits credited to them, the Sinners managed by "Huck" Hucker played a good brand of ball up until the top of the fifth. At this point several errors committed by the home team coupled with several hits by the visitors combined to give Brockville a six run edge. Again in the seventh the big bats of Brockville boomed, driving in another three runs, and to end the game they scored two more in the top of the ninth. Eleven runs on fourteen hits and no errors, as against Sinners no runs on five hits with eleven errors was a good indication of the game from the fifth inning on.

Ray Delaney, Sinner second baseman, was the standout player of the afternoon for the losers. Ray robbed a Brockville batter of a certain double when diving far to his left he blocked the ball and recovered it in time to make an underhand flip to first, beating the runner by a fraction of a second. Marve H. went 2 for 2 with 2 walks, while his brother John, George Preston,

and Larry Honeyman were the only other hitters on the Sinner team. Starting pitcher Joe Dubroy took the loss with Tom Lucik relieving him in the 7th inning.

For the Brockville team 18 year old Blaine Healey turned in a terrific pitching performance giving up only 5 hits and striking out 11 men. It was announced before the game started that this young fellow holds the strike-out record in his regular league with 20 of them to his credit in a single nine inning game. He showed us that this was no fluke by sending many of our best hitters back to the bench mumbling to themselves!

Behind Blaine was a hustling, well organized and hard hitting team, with fellows like Bud Anson, Reg Taylor, Don Gould, Bob Kyle and Bob McDonald. Bud Anson was the biggest gun of them all going 2 for 4 scoring 3 times himself and driving in three other runs.

It was learned late in the game that this Brockville team had also been invited to play against Joyceville Institute and were planning to jump in their cars and rush right over there as soon as this game was completed. We hope for Joyceville's sake that our Sinners slowed them down a little or disaster might well befall them, too!

LETTERS

TO THE

EDITOR

Dear Sirs:

May I express my deep appreciation to the members of the inmate committee for the splendid help they gave me in organizing our recent Blood Clinic held on June 30th.

As you have probably heard, there were 317 donations of blood given for the day, which was an excellent percentage.

May I also, through your magazine, *The Diamond*, convey to all the inmates who donated and helped in any way, my sincere thanks in helping to make this, my first clinic, the most successful ever.

I shall send along the individual donor cards and pins as soon as I have received them.

My thanks to all.

Most sincerely,
Mrs. Marge Ratez
Executive Secretary
Canadian Red Cross
Kingston Branch

Editor: *Glad we could make your first clinic a success, Mrs. Ratez. Let's hope we do even better in the future. By the way, the individual donor cards were received and are now in the hands of the men.*

Dear Sir:

I was given a copy of *The Diamond* by Commander Reynolds the other day and after reading it, I think it is well worth subscribing to for \$1.00 per year.

I wish you every success with this publication and hope you collect many more subscribers.

Yours sincerely,
(Mrs.) Jessie Hebbert
Saanichton, B. C.

Editor: *Thanks for the support, Mrs. Hebbert. If we don't increase our circulation it certainly won't be Commander Reynolds' fault. He has been one of our staunchest supporters.*



Editor:

Just a few lines from one of the selected few who are vacationing in this. . . this. . . institution. Your trials and tribulations must be many, whose readers are biased before you begin. But in time, I think, with magazines like the *Diamond*, society may realize some of the issues and hopes of men in prison. Keep up the good work, as this issue is by far the best yet.

Inmate 56—
(Name Withheld)

LETTERS CONTINUED:

Editor: *We have something in common, #56—. We both feel sorry for the editor. Thanks for the encouragement, its not often we hear this from our inside readers.*

★ ★ ★

Dear Sir:

I do not find much time for reading, outside of the Windsor Star, but I find The Diamond has many interesting items about prison life. I like to read these things; things that many people do not realize.

Please renew my subscription for another year.

Mrs. C. Couvillion
Windsor, Ontario

Editor: *Thank you very much, Mrs. Couvillion. We're always glad to hear from someone who is reading, and ENJOYING, our little magazine.*

★ ★ ★

Dear Sir:

I have thoroughly enjoyed reading your monthly magazine, The Diamond, and am enclosing a money order for one dollar.

It would be greatly appreciated if you would renew my subscription accordingly.

Thank you,
B. Humphreys
Welland, Ontario

Editor: *Subscription renewals are always gratefully accepted. All too often our subscribers overlook this relatively*

unimportant matter, or keep putting it off to a later date. Let's face it: we need your money! Thanks a million Mr. Humphrey's.

★ ★ ★

Dear Editor:

Received complimentary copy of The Diamond this morning and stopped work to read it. It's good! Enclosed please find \$1.00 to pay for subscription. And I think I would like to receive this on time.

I must say that I was very surprised at the quality of this publication. It must be very hard to get inspiration while within, but despite this you have done a job which would do credit to any magazine.

The story, "A Busy Man Is He" stopped me short. This story hits you with a force seldom found in short stories. May I suggest that author Jim Birnstihl submit this to a publishing house for their approval?

Many thanks again, I am:

Kenneth Kerr
The Trentonian &
Tri-County News
Trenton, Ontario

Editor: *Letters like this we always print! Thanks for the kind words Ken. And the dollar, too! We find it almost impossible to put our magazine out on a set schedule due to the prison routine, but we do promise to send out 12 issues for a dollar, if that helps.*

And we hope the Commissioner of Penitentiaries notes your suggestion that inmate authors be allowed to write for outside publications. This is done in most states across the border and many an inmate has found a new career in this way.